

The Famous Rayo

Does Not Strain the Eyes



Don't use a small, concentrated light over one shoulder. It puts an unequal strain on your eyes. Use a diffused, soft, mellow light that cannot flicker, that equalizes the work of the eyes, such as the Rayo Lamp gives, and avoid eye strain.

The Rayo is designed to give the best light, and it does.

It has a strong, durable shade-holder that is held firm and true. A new burner gives added strength. Made of solid brass and finished in nickel. Easy to keep polished. The Rayo is low priced, but no other lamp gives a better light at any price.

Once a Rayo User, Always One.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

WILLS PROBATED

Two More of Them Filed This Week.

The will of the late John H. Boyd was probated this week. His farm of 150 acres near Kelly, he bequeathed to his brother, Monroe Boyd. To his sister, Mrs. Nan Johnson, he left \$150, and to his brothers, J. R., W. E. and Monroe Boyd, he gave a mule apiece. The remainder of his estate, after his debts are paid, goes to his brothers and sister, to be divided equally. Monroe Boyd is named as executor. The instrument was dated Nov. 10, 1910, and was witnessed by Hiram Brown and H. W. Linton.

The last will and testament of John Henry Foster, deceased, was also probated. To Mrs. E. W. Foster, wife of James C. Foster, brother of the deceased, is given a buggy, horse and harness and the remainder of his property goes to his brother, in fee simple. His brother is named as executor. The will was made on the 11th ult., and was witnessed by John T. Edmunds, M. M. Graves and T. B. Cherry.

Collisions never come singly.

Tobacco News.

Independent tobacco dealers of Murray have inaugurated a new system for this place in the tobacco line, and will commence next week to establish an auction street sale. This will be quite an advantage to the independent growers and will afford them the advantage of competition in the sale of their tobacco. —Murray Ledger.

The sales day for the Planters Protective Association has been changed and in the future sales will be conducted at the Paducah salesrooms, on Tuesdays instead of Thursdays.

Tobacco continues to roll into market in great quantities and the loose floors have had another very busy week. Prices are still very high and the market is in a most satisfactory condition.

To Burn Dead Dogs

Harrodsburg has arranged for the cremation of dead dogs by the Electric Light plant.

A rolling car gather no dross.

PLAN TO BUILD CITY HALL ANNEX

Council Authorizes The Preparation of Plans For Addition.

BASEMENT FOR ARMORY

Second Story For Offices Fronting on Broad Piazza.

The City Council met in called session Thursday night to consider a plan to build an addition to the city hall, in the rear of the present building, to be used as a permanent part of a future enlarged and improved city hall. The proposed addition is to be 100 by 80 feet, with a second floor for offices reduced to 60 by 100 feet. The upper walls to be set in ten feet and the roof of the first floor on the side next to the court house to be a concrete and piazza fronting the offices on that side. The ground floor room, which the slope of the ground would make half basement on the south side, to be fitted up with a view to leasing it to the county and state for an armory and band-quarters. The space under the piazza to be made into lock rooms in connection with the armory.

The plans have not been fully worked out, but all of the councilmen voted to refer the matter to a committee composed of the Mayor and two councilmen to have plans prepared and to investigate the law in regard to public improvements and report to the regular meeting next week.

Mayor Meacham appointed Councilmen Randle and Barnett as the other members of the committee.

A petition from 85 citizens and business firms was presented to the council asking for an investigation of the high cost of commercial electric lighting. The petition was referred to the Corporations Committee, of which Councilman Barnett is chairman.

Doctor Praises D. D. D.

Although an M. D., I acknowledge to my patients and patrons that your remedy, D. D. D., reaches cases of Eczema and permanently cures them. —Dr. Ira T. Gabbert, Caldwell, Kan.

"My cure began from the first application of D. D. D. My skin is now as smooth as a baby's. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for what D. D. D. has done for me," writes August Santo, of Chillicothe, Ohio.

These are just samples of letters we are receiving every day from grateful patients all over the country.

"Worth its weight in gold," "All my pimples washed away by D. D. D.," "I found instant relief," "D. D. D. is little short of miraculous." These are the words of others in describing the great skin remedy, D. D. D.

Proven by thousands of cures, for ten years to be absolutely harmless and reliable in every case of skin trouble, no matter what it is.

Get a trial bottle today! Instant relief—only 25c.

L. L. Elgin, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Purely Personal

Miss Daisy Guier, daughter of B. P. Guier, of this county, has been appointed to a position as attendant at the asylum at Hopkinsville. She went to Hopkinsville Monday to assume her duties. —Cadiz Record.

Mr. Webb C. Bell and bride have arrived from Indianapolis, Ind., and are visiting Mr. Bell's sister, Miss Jennie Bell.

Circuit court clerk W. A. Radford, has returned from a visit of several weeks to Tampa and other points in Florida.

Ira D. Humble has been elected a councilman in Cadiz, to succeed Fay Wallis, resigned.

Robert L. Carter left Thursday for DeLand, Fla., in answer to a telegram announcing the serious illness of his little child, who with its mother has been in Florida for several weeks.

Mrs. Chas. Baird, of Asheville, N. C., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Jno. M. Major.

Rodman Meacham has gone to Ft. Worth, Texas, to attend the wedding, Tuesday, of his friend, John A. Wilson, of Nashville.

Judge A. H. Anderson is quite sick, in his rooms over the Grau bakery, on Virginia street.

Blackstone Club.

The regular meeting of the Blackstone Club for Thursday night was postponed for one week, owing to the unavoidable absence of several members. It will meet Feb. 16.

Editor Loses His Mind

E. O. Gaines, formerly editor of the Georgetown News and recently editor of the Scott County Herald, was pronounced insane last week and ordered committed to the Eastern Hospital for the Insane at Lexington.

Save Your Gloves.

Don't lay aside Kid gloves because they are dirty, you don't throw away other articles of dress when soiled. Kid gloves are as easily and quickly cleaned as handkerchief hose or collars, is cleaned with Everneat Glove cleaner. It removes paint, grease and grass stains, and leaves the gloves as soft and lustrous as new. Everneat won't fade, spot or make harsh any color or shade, no matter how delicate; it is easy to use, you can clean a pair of gloves in a few minutes. Keep a package of Everneat on your dressing table, if your new gloves get slightly soiled rub a bit of the cleaner into them then stroke it out with cotton huck back towel. For cleaning entire glove see directions on package; it is so easily and quickly done, the result so satisfactory you will be delighted.

Everneat is sold in 1 oz. packages, price 50 cents. ask your dealer; if he cannot supply you send Post office order or check for 50 cents. we will send to you by mail.

MRS. M. A. ADCOCK, Oak Grove, Ky.

Cumb. Phone 414-1

It's a wise chauffeur that knows his own speed.

A garage is known by the cars it keeps for hire.

It is better to turn back than to turn turtle.

EVE OF THE ORCHARD

By IZOLA FORRESTER

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

"You may say just what you please, mother, but the very next boy I catch climbing over that orchard wall I shall either throw water on or throw stones at. It's a shame. They're running off with all the sweet apples we've got, and we only rented the place for the sake of the fruit."

Isabel stood out on the lawn, a belligerent figure, in her short linen skirt, and tucked up sleeves of her middie blouse. Her fluffy blonde hair was pinned high on her head, for the day had been extremely warm even for early fall, and her pretty tanned neck was bare.

It was sundown, the hour when the summer dwellers of Orange valley came out from behind their venetian blinds and trellised verandas, and turned neighborly hoses on the lawns, and neighborly streams of conversation on each other. As sole daughter of the house, Isabel manipulated the garden hose at the sunset hour, and during that period for the past week the little fruit orchard at the back of the house had been raided. It was enough to make any suburbanite desperate to see the summer spoils taken from under her very nose.

"Don't do it tonight, anyway, Bell," her mother said, laughingly from the veranda, where she sat at a low wicker table arranging some fresh cut flowers for the dinner table. "You'll be all disarranged and probably wet through, and the Bristows are coming to dinner with Bob."

"Not Terry Bristow?" The color rose quickly in Isabel's face, and she turned away from her mother's range of vision.

"Was that the eldest boy, Terry? I forget, there are so many of them. It's the one who went down to Ecuador or Panama, or some such place, on a civil engineering feat and won out. I believe he's secured some valuable concessions, too, from the government. Was that the red-haired one, Bell?"

"No, dear. Terry never had red hair. It's—it's rather chestnut in color and wavy, only he wears it cut so short it hardly shows the curl."

"I didn't know you ever were well acquainted with him."

"I never was." Isabel's chin was tilted at a most engaging angle. Her tone was clear and disinterested. "I met him a good deal last summer at Glen Allyn. Aunt Natica liked him awfully well, and included him in her house party later, with his two sisters."

"That must have been just before he left for the south."

"It was." A lot of inference lay behind the laconic words, but Mrs. Orville said nothing. She smiled comfortably to herself, and went on clipping the stems of the flowers. Bob had said casually that he would bring Terry Bristow back to dine with them that evening, and had given her a brief commendatory sketch of his prospects in life, for Bob knew his mother.

Half unconsciously she let the flowers slip from her fingers, and watched the slender figure out on the lawn. The Orvilles were not rich. They were not even well to do. Bob worked in a bank, and Mrs. Orville spoke sometimes of her income, which sounded most satisfactory in the abstract, but amounted to precious little hard cash when the dividend day came round. Isabel was their one tangible asset. Bob said, and even on that point there was a chance for divided opinion, for she was not a beauty. There was an eager, animated expression to her face that gave it special charm, and the profile was good, her mother said, and her eyes were not large, but rather long, with a little trick of half closing when she laughed, and that was often. But these things do not make a beauty, and Isabel lacked distinction, the family had long since agreed.

Therefore—and in that short five minutes after Isabel's last statement Mrs. Orville summed up the situation mentally—therefore, if Terry Bristow had the least intention about his coming to dine after a year's absence abroad—if he had—but Mrs. Orville stopped short, and sighed, as she went back to her flower snipping. It

was simply terrible the way the decent, eligible young fellows of today were actually dodging matrimony.

"There's the train, dear. Hada'n't you better stop watering the lawn, and go and fix up a little?"

Isabel had heard the train whistle as it pulled out for the north shore, but she went on with the hose work calmly.

"I want to finish this while it is light," she said. The minutes passed. It took a good ten of them to walk up from the station, and half were gone, when all at once Isabel gave a cry of alarm and started for the orchard.

"Isabel, don't!" called Mrs. Orville, but in vain. In the soft bloom of the afterglow, forms could be seen down in the orchard, and they were unmistakably climbing trees after apples.

The hose was a long one. Isabel unreeled it quietly, and dragged it toward the fence, and then, let it go. Straight out over the trees it went, in a beautiful stream of silver white. Tilted a bit higher, it obeyed the hand that held it, and made straight for the figures in the tree. Isabel caught the sound of voices, but the words were unintelligible. She didn't want to hear excuses. She wanted revenge, swift and sweet. And she got it.

Suddenly a form slipped down from the tree and made for her on a run. Somewhere behind it was Bob, good old brother Bob, who had common sense as well as humor. And the garden hose dropped to the ground as Isabel was caught bodily in the grasp of two muscular arms and held close to Terry Bristow's heart.

"Terry, let me go. Somebody will



Started for the Orchard.

see you. Terry, my hair's tumbling down. How dare you!"

"Haven't I a right?" Terry put her down, and held her squarely before him, compelling her to meet his eyes.

"Why haven't you written?" "Because you yourself told me not to write until I had won out. And now I've won, and I've come back, and isn't that all?"

"I know I told you not to, but"—her lashes lifted to his with the old swift, laughing look—"I thought you were brave enough not to mind."

"I don't mind anything you do except turning the hose on me for a welcome home," said Terry, as he slipped his arm around her, and they turned to face Bob, with his summer flannels soaked, and his broad, boyish face beaming with smiles of congratulation.

THOUGHTFUL GIRL.

The young man was calling on the girl. He didn't know her very well, but she looked good to him. He wanted to call again the next night, but hardly had the nerve to ask permission to do so.

"I'd like to come up again," he said, when he was ready to go home. "How about next week, some time?"

A look of disappointment came over her face. "Next week?" she said. "Why, isn't that—er—well, I'll tell you what to do; you come up tomorrow night and we'll decide which night next week you may call."

THE UNUSUAL.

"It is the unexpected that happens," remarked the moralizer.

"That's right," rejoined the demoralizer. "I once knew it to rain after the weather bureau had predicted it."

The Last Call

FOR

Fall and winter suits. We have taken all of our men's and young men's fancy suits and overcoats, this season's productions—some of our best sellers are left—and now offer them to first comers for just

1-2 PRICE

Just think what a bargain these suits will be for the men who will call early enough to get them. Your choice of Hirsh-Wickwire \$25.00 fancy suits for

\$15.00

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Wall & McGowan.